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A TIMELY GREETING.



CHRISTMAS CAROLS.



Rejoice, my soul, and know That Christ is born daily, His grace new mercies daily show, His works our work infinite; And to the world his words outgo In endless love and true.

WILLIAM E. S. FALES

"Merry Christmas!"—ring it out All ye happy festal bells, Through the sweet willow groves, From morn, to noon, have hasten flown, Sprays of silver mistletoe, Shine from out the dark green pines, Yule tide, peace and joy thine!

"Blessed Christmas!"—ring it out, All ye jingling festal bells, Unto cheerless hearts, wherein Neither hope nor gladness dwells. Heavens smile, and stars shine out All our stately decked homes about; Angels stand with in the door; Christmas tide is come once more!

—Helen Chase.

THE MERRITT MATTER.

NOW HELEN BLAKE BROUGHT ABOUT A CHRISTIAN RECONCILIATION.

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WONDER what you'll be like at my age?" said William Merritt angrily to his son Albert, one day memorably in the lives of both.

William Merritt was what the people called "a hard man to get along with." He was hard, just, sincere and severe. He began mature life as a flatboat captain, and finished his training as a sheriff of an Indiana county. A born ruler, at 50 years of age he knew absolutely nothing of any methods save stern command and force ready for instant application. To this he added a habit of perpetual fault finding.

He had been going over the noisy barangles, with which some old people have insulted young ones since the days of Homer, about the good boys and the industrious young men of his early life and the degenerate sons of these days, when Albert's satirical humor rose.

"You're mighty little account now," said the father. "What'll you be at my age?"

"I suppose," said Albert, unconsciously imitating his father's sneer, "I'll do like other old men—sit and tell lies about the big things I did when I was a boy."

It was one of those insults which some men consider the first blow, and the second fall promptly. Raising his broad, right hand, and foaming with rage, the father brought it down flat across the son's mouth. The blood flew from Albert's nose as he staggered back. He rallied, gazed an instant on the father, then turned away with clenched teeth and set purpose.

He sought his confidant, Sam McCorkle, the drunken shoemaker's boy near by, who was of the same age as Albert, but knew fifty times as much of the tricks and devices of the oppressed. At 10 years Sam was an expert in evasive tricks; at 18 he was simply a prodigy.

These two had met and conferred often—the sad, cynical skeptic, whose father was among the well-to-do farmers of the community, and the finished trickster, whose father was the outcast; they often laid out wonderful plans of life in distant regions; but soon a fair young face rose before Albert Merritt's eyes, and he could not make up his mind to go. It was the face of Helen Blake, only a few years before his schoolmate. But now Albert was resolved. If Helen thought of him as often as he did of her, she would wait for him to return, and if she were worth the winning she would respect him more for leaving the discomforts of his present life. Thus he reasoned.

Late that night two lads with small bundles might have been seen, but took care not to be on the river road, and it was soon known to all the community that they had left the place.

Of farewells the boys had said none. Albert had indeed written a brief note to his mother, in which he had bidden her a good-by full of clumsy worded tenderness, and another to Helen, which he had formally begun "Miss Helen Blake," and in which he had as formally expressed the hope that, though absent perhaps for years, he would

not be forgotten. These epistles he took with him in his flight, and a day or two later entrusted them to Sam McCorkle to post, but that individual, fearing that the route of departure would be guessed by the postmark, calmly destroyed them, although he solemnly declared to Albert that he had deposited them in the postoffice of a considerable town through which they journeyed. And so the two boys were quite cut off from the old world of semi-servitude.

That a father should be sorry for the flight of a son is but natural; that he should, while a spark of pride or anger remain, tell any one of his sorrow would be contrary to all recorded precedents in such cases. William Merritt was not the man to violate precepts of discipline. He held himself stiffly, wavered away the subject complaisantly, and said when he spoke at all: "Oh, he'll soon get sick of his dirt—he'll be glad enough to come back." But late summer yielded to autumn, and autumn gave place to winter, and a sad Christmas day had come, for Albert Merritt had made no sign.

When Helen Blake was told that Albert Merritt was a "runaway boy" she merely said, "Ah, indeed," and bent very low over her work; but she knew why he had gone—knew it, indeed, about as well as he did.

Ere long she and Mrs. Merritt seemed to have a good deal to say to each other. They seldom if ever mentioned Albert, but it always seemed that the mother's much chattered after a visit from Helen. In her own responding heart the mother said: "He will never come back, he is too much like his father," a favorite delusion with mothers, by the way. And so, on this sad Christmas day, the two sorrowful women exchanged deep sympathies without exchanging a word on the subjects nearest their hearts, and the mother felt that night as if volumes had not spoken on the subject, when in fact it had not been mentioned. And thereafter Helen came oftener and oftener, and somehow after each visit the mother felt an assurance that all would be right, and felt it just the same whether Albert's name was mentioned or not.

Now, after the first shock was passed, Helen Blake never felt a doubt in her bosom that she would in good time receive some word from Albert Merritt, and she would have risked much on her conviction that she would hear before either of his parents, though she could not have told you why, and probably would not if she could, for the best farm in Jackson township. Yet she knew it all the same, and visited the Merritts often, and at each visit it somehow fell out that something rather singular happened.

On one occasion she grew quite hilarious in reminiscences of a certain school exhibition, and told how the teacher had photographs of the whole class taken, a set for all, and how childish the pictures looked now, and how everybody had changed, though it was but six years ago, and then she brought out the photographs—cheap, tawdry things they were, but among them was one of a tall, fair boy, with all the glow of class leadership in his eye, and light hair curling around a bold forehead, and under it, in round boyish script, was the autograph "Albert Merritt."

A pang shot through the father's heart, and he longed for her to talk of his boy; but she rattled on about Tom and Jennie and Mattie, and soon hastened home. But the mother noticed that Helen had forgotten her pictures, and so they lay on the looking glass stand for many a day, when the father often saw the presentation of his boy, but had never touched it, and they lay there till Helen came again.

At this time she brought a story paper for Mrs. Merritt, saying that the main story in it interested her very much, and after she was gone William Merritt picked it up and pished and pashed and ridiculed the pictures, but he read the story. It was a commonplace novella of a son, who had fled from a harsh father and enlisted in the Federal army, and who was sick almost unto death in a southern hospital, and how in due time he babbled of home, and how a Sister of Charity wrote to the father, who came and patiently nursed his boy back to life and love and forgiveness. A commonplace story—one of ten thousand war stories of the time—but the father's hand trembled as he read, and he rushed to the field and drove his work with unusual energy and shouted louder than ever at his team, and at night was stern and silent and solemn, to a degree that surprised even his long suffering wife.

The other children would occasionally venture a reference to Albert, and now when Helen came the father would blame the runaway; but she only listened quietly and asked if they had ever heard of him, and turned the talk to their school days. And so two years passed away and the third Christmas came. In celebration of the day the Merritts were to be the guests of the Blakes, and when they gathered in the big room of the great farm house it happened that all the young people present were of that tall class at the head of which Albert Merritt had stood. Of course Helen Blake never thought of alluding to such a fact—"just happened so," her parents thought—but there were plenty in a class of eight young people who could talk as fast as they could think, and usually did it, too. And so the conversation rattled on about that glorious day, and the father, whose heart was literally pounding against his ribs, and whose internal struggles were such that he could not tell whether he was eating turkey or oak chips, talked loudly and aggressively to those at his end of the table, and quite overbore Mr. Blake or politics, and finally offered to bet "the pick of his horses agin a yearlin' calf" that the next issue of The Tekeewah Bugle contained this paragraph:

"Our well known townsman, Mr. Albert Merritt, is about to visit his old home in Indiana, where he will probably spend the holidays. He is very nearly well of the injuries sustained at the recent fire. He will be accompanied by his fast friend, Mr. Sam McCorkle, the well known lightning rod agent."

The stage was due to pass William Merritt at 4:30 o'clock on Christmas eve, but the roads were bad and it was quite dark when, with a sweeping curve, it swerved to the side of thepike and stopped in front of the house, in the open front doorway of which, in strong silhouette against the flood of light within, stood the burly form of William Merritt, his hands outstretched with trembling.

Piper explained to him:

"You see," said Piper, "no fellers and Suze had heard a lot 'bout Crismuss. We don't know exactly what it is, but we do know that everybody, wat is anybody, has a Crismuss dinner. So you jes' chipped in, and—"

"Waving his hand around the room "her ya're."

"But I ain't chipped in," said the new-comer.

"Well, wat if y' ain't? Y' can nex' time."

So that was settled.

Suze in the meantime had produced a pail from somewhere, and an old stew pan from somewhere else, and some broken crockery from still another place.

"You'll make the coffee and warm the cabbage and meat, darlin'," said Mickey.

"Ye are the only woman here."

So Suze went at it.

It wasn't long before everything was ready, and they gathered around the box.

The savory odor from the coffee pot and stew pan had tickled the twelve little nostrils,

and the six mouths were as eager to taste the poor little dinner as ever yours was to pick your succulent Christmas turkey bones.

They fell to at once.

"I'm afraid the coffee ain't very good," said Suze. But she smiled the satisfied smile that every housewife smiles when decrying her own dainties, and was as pleased as you ever were, my fine lady, in similar circumstances, when Rocks exclaimed in answer:

"Piner'n Delmonico's, I'll bet."

Before very long the dinner had been eaten. They sat around and talked for awhile, and the little 6-year-old fell asleep with his head on Suze's knees, and her fingers passed lovingly over the little fellow's dirty forehead, and by-and-by the leaned over and kissed him.

The next day there was such a Christmas gathering at William Merritt's house as had never been there before. Such roast turkey with cranberry sauce, and such juicy mincemeat, and such meaty potatoes, and such fine, white home-made bread, and such good things to eat generally as they who sat down at the dinner table partook of have never been excelled. All the Blakes were there, and so were all the members of that crew of eight, whose photographs were the first weapon Helen had employed in storming William Merritt's fainty old heart.

And Sam McCorkle, too, the drunken shoemaker's son, full of far western dash and his torian of the time "Al rescued the baby."

He was "Mr. McCorkle," an honored guest.

JUMPED TO THE GROUND.

Now Helen was quite satisfied in her own mind that the little surprise had done its work, but that evening her brother brought home the weekly mail, and in it, after all her weary waiting, a little surprise for her. It was a copy of The Tekeewah (Kan.) Bugle, and great was the wonder in the family as to the why and wherefore of its coming; but Helen knew. There wasn't a mark of any kind on the printed sheet, so she set herself resolutely to read every line. Never had far western publisher in the most heated campaign a more devoted reader, and at last, in a leaded article in the page headed "Local Intelligence," she found a list of members of a new fire company, and among the names was "Albert Merritt." A writer in the "County Correspondence" of the next issue of The County Democrat told of four fair ladies who charmed the audience



and no one received greater respect than me. But he did not rise to the height of his glory till evening, for at the dinner table Albert would not suffer his own praises to be sung so high a key. But when Albert, seeming to have something particular to say to Helen, whose great, brown eyes sparkled unwontedly and whose cheeks perspired in blushing furiously, led her away with him into a quiet corner and left the field to Sam, that individual chanted his hero's deeds to his heart's content and everybody else's delight, though he did not let slip the opportunities to tell of some things he had himself accomplished in the west.

The close of this veracious history may be seen in the Tekeewah Bugle of March 15, 1890:

"Mr. Samuel McCorkle, the gentlemanly and enterprising agent for Flash & Hitzen's justly celebrated lightning rods, has returned from Indiana healthy and happy. His friend and our former townsmen, Mr. Albert Merritt, has concluded to remain east, where he will settle down upon his father's extensive farms. A little bird has whispered that the blind god had something to do with Mr. Merritt's decision to forego a share in the golden future sure to come to Tekeewah. Those who are curious in this matter are directed to the notice in the marriage column on another page headed 'Merritt-Blake.'

FINNEY DAWSON.

A HUMBLE CHRISTMAS DINNER.

There was not very much on the table—in fact, it wasn't very much of a table, being made of a dry goods box stood on its side. The room belonged to the grocer, but he had told them they could have the use of it for Christmas night. In the corner there was a little, cracked stove, which was so hot that it shone like a big lump of Christmas cheer in the semi-darkness.

Pretty soon "Swipesy" came in out of the rear of the city street. He had a few unsold papers under one arm and a small—a very small—bundle under the other. With him was his sister Suze. They were orphans trying to make their own way. She had had good luck and had sold all her papers. She took what was left of Swipesy's stock and spread a nice clean paper over the dry goods box. Then he unrolled his bundle.

"Oh, Swipesy" and the girl.

There was a can of cooked corn beef and a little box of figs.

Pretty soon the others began to come in. There was "Micky" with a little packet of coffee, some sugar, and (what luck!) some cabbage that the apple woman on the corner had cooked and given him with big tears in her honest, Irish eyes when he told her about the dinner.

"It ain't much, Mickey," she said, "but may the good saints make it taste as relishin' as twas as big as a barn and cooked in a gowd skillet."

There were five charter members of the dinner party, so to speak. "Rocks" (so named from his manner of defending himself in his frequent "scraps") came into the room next. He too had a little bundle which was undone with due ceremony. When "Piper" came in he stopped a minute just inside the threshold, and held the door open while he beckoned to someone on the outside.

"C'mon in," said the fellow. "The fellers'll be glad ter see ya."

Then there entered a little fellow not more than 6 years old. He was very much embarrassed, and held his finger to his lips.

Piper, by way of introduction, said:

"Fellers—and Suze—this ere little cove" (Piper himself was a big cove, having seen thirteen years, and being the oldest member of the dinner party) "is comin' to our Crismuss. He's just gone into the paper sellin' bin; an' he ain't got no boobs. I'm a takin' care o' him till he git's started. See!"

For a minute an embarrassed silence hung over the little group. Then the little people opened their hearts to the newcomer (and they were big hearts for such very small bodies), and he was one of the dinner party.

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And

THE NEVADA STATE JOURNAL

C. C. POWNING Editor and Proprietor.

THE BREAKING OF AN ANCIENT MIRROR.

Discovery of a Deed to Property Worth Millions—Another Popular Superstition Shattered.

NEW YORK, Dec. 23.—Charles Roll, of Newark, accidentally broke an old mirror four weeks ago. It had been given to him years ago by his grandfather. The glass was shattered to atoms and an old age-yellowed piece of parchment was disclosed to view for the first time in a century and more, as was proved by the nature of the document. For seventy-five years Roll and his relatives have been laboring to gain evidence with which they could lay claim to a wide stretch of land in the Mohawk valley, along the banks of the Mohawk river.

Roll knew perfectly well that his Holland Dutch ancestor, Jacob Roll, had owned a large tract of land there which had been abandoned during the French and Indian wars, but he never found any papers by which he could fix the position of the land. The document which dropped from the mirror back four weeks ago was the important missing proof that the heirs of Jacob Roll, of whom there are 150, have long been seeking. Having found it they will press their claim to the property near Schenectady, N. Y., valued at \$6,000,000.

The piece of folded parchment was a deed from the Indians to Jacob Roll, giving Roll a clear title to a tract of land four miles in length, along the Mohawk river, beginning in the city of Schenectady and running back from the river nine miles. The whole town of Amsterdam is believed to be included in the Indian deed, as are also valuable properties of the New York Central Railroad.

STANLEY HAS COME!

The Hero of Africa—A New Book of His Wonderful Adventures.

Henry M. Stanley stands now as the greatest explorer and adventurer the world has known. He is the hero of the most remarkable discoveries in all the records of daring and explorations.

Emir Pasha was wandering somewhere in the tropical wilderness, and struggling to hold the country of which he was ruler, Stanley hastens to his rescue. He vanishes from the sight of the civilized world; months and seasons pass, and still no news from Stanley.

After untold privations and amazing triumphs, he emerges from the wilds of the Dark Continent, accompanied by Emir Pasha. In his last great triumph he has put the climax upon all his previous explorations and victories.

His adventures and discoveries have been grand, wonderful and marvelous. The full and authentic accounts will be related in the new gen'rel's Stanley book, from his first entrance into Africa, and richly illustrated with over 400 of the grandest and most wonderful new engravings and colored plates ever seen in a book of travels. The History company, 723 Market street, San Francisco, Cal., are the publishers. The book will be sold by subscription only. Agents are wanted to sell the book, to whom most liberal inducements will be offered on application. We call attention to the advertisement in another column.

Batties and Leaders.

This is a complete and valuable popular history of the Civil War, in contributing the matter for which all the great leaders on both sides have participated, as is indicated by its most attractive title, "Batties and Leaders." This work is certainly the consummation of the book-maker's high art, and is the Century Co.'s choicest style. A great service has been done the soldiers of the armies of the world by the publication of these records of the greatest of wars.

Comprising as it does the story of the war from the pens of the brilliant array of generals who were most active in the struggle, it will be a history of inestimable standard value and authenticity to distant future generations. It is to the present Besides the war proper, by land and sea, it treats of diplomacy, finance, &c., sketches of different phases of army life, and contains important papers relating to the branches of military service, and has about 1,700 artistically and skillfully executed illustrations. Although issued in four elegant volumes, comprising 3,100 pages, it is easily obtainable, being sold on the most favorable accommodation payments, the whole set being delivered at first. Those in search of lucrative and pleasant employment cannot do better than communicate in regard to selling this admirable work, with the J. Darrow Company, 813 Market street, San Francisco.

The Secretary of War has issued the following general order: On frontier and campaign service officers may wear the soldier's overcoat with the insignia of rank on the sleeve. Officers and enlisted men will also be permitted to wear rubber ponchos and blankets, or waterproof overcoats when necessary in the field, on fatigue, and other duty involving exposure to rainy or other inclement weather.

Mrs. Harrison has been deluged with advice and admonitions since the published statement that she prepared a whisky punch and dealt it out to the Pan-American delegates a couple of months ago. Of course the punch story had no foundation, but the fact does not prevent the receipt of letters from temperance fanatics on the subject.

A friend of Samuel J. Raudall says he may live to take his seat in the House once more, but it is doubtful.

Senator Stanford has made his customary Christmas present of \$5 apiece to the Senate's pages.

Excellent, reliable and economical are the stoves and ranges sold by Lange & Schmitt. Every house and store should have them. Call and inspect before purchasing.

CHANCE FOR A SEALSKIN

VERY UNPLEASANT CHRISTMAS STORY FROM A PENNSYLVANIA TOWN.

An Enormous Rainfall in Various Towns of Southern California.

Four Men Drowned in San Francisco Bay.

Special to the JOURNAL.

VALLEJO, Cal., Dec. 24.—A boat containing eight sailors from the United States Fish Commission steamer, Albatross, and a company of newsboys, left the Albatross at Mare Island Navy Yard last night and started for Vallejo. The night was dark and the tide running strong, and the boat was upset when near the United States steamer Thetis. A boat was lowered from the Thetis and five men were rescued. John Bright, a sailor who was on the Trenton at Samoa; Robert Padgett, a machinist; W. W. Lee (colored), and a newsboy were drowned. None of the bodies were recovered.

Enright was a magnificent swimmer and held Government medals for heroism in saving a number of persons from drowning. Lawrence O'Donnell tore off his clothes and was picked up naked, but alive. Yoeman Perkins saved himself by clinging to the boat. All were off on leave of absence over the holidays.

Alaska Fur Business.

Special to the JOURNAL.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 24.—Secretary Windom this afternoon prepared an advertisement inviting proposals up to noon of the 23d day of January, 1890, for the exclusive right of catching seals in Alaska. The unsuccessful bidder will be required to provide a suitable building for a public school on each island, and pay the expenses of maintaining such schools during a period of not less than eight months each year, and also to pay the inhabitants of the islands for any labor performed by them. The successful bidder will be permitted to catch 60,000 seals during the first year, but after that the Secretary will fix the number.

Still Flooded.

Special to the JOURNAL.

COTUSA, Cal., Dec. 24.—Information has been received that the levees which inclose the lands of L. R. Poundstone and A. H. Rose broke Sunday, inundating nearly all of district 108. District 70, Sutter county, is still under water. A great many hogs have been drowned. W. S. Wilson, living six miles below Cotusa, has lost 100 head of stock by the animals drowning in quicksand.

An Unpleasant Christmas Tale.

Special to the JOURNAL.

CONNELLSVILLE, Pa., Dec. 24.—This evening a family of eight persons, consisting of mother and father and six children, were discovered in a starving condition near Moyers, and were brought here to be taken to the county home. The parents had been taken ill from fever, and as they lived in an isolated place, the children could procure no aid. The family has reached such a stage that it is thought none can recover.

The Influenza.

Special to the JOURNAL.

PARIS, Dec. 24.—The epidemic of influenza still rages. Reports from Berlin are to the effect that there is no abatement there. In Brunswick it has assumed a malignant type, and there have been many deaths at Frankfort. Tramways have ceased operations because the employees are all ill. It is very serious in the barracks at Brussels and half of the carabiniers of Corps des Gardes are ill.

Los Angeles' Lovely Climate.

Special to the JOURNAL.

LOS ANGELES, Dec. 24.—The rain is coming down in torrents to-night. Up to 5 p. m. the downfall for the twenty-four hours was 1.10 inches. During three hours to-night probably two inches more fell, the torrent at times being almost like a cloud-burst.

The Los Angeles river has risen twenty inches since 5 o'clock, and is still rising. The train from Pasadena is off the track on the railway bridge just beyond the depot and unable to get into the city.

A Disastrous Cave.

Special to the JOURNAL.

SAN ANDREAS, Cal., Dec. 24.—Information reached here this afternoon that the surface of the mine at Angel Camp, in which the disaster occurred Sunday, has caved down to a depth of forty feet. The cave extends along the vein, from the north shaft to the south shaft, of a width of thirty feet. This makes it necessary to stop all work of recovering bodies. There is little doubt that the hoist plant will be drawn into the mine.

Killed by the Cars.

Special to the JOURNAL.

DIXON, Cal., Dec. 24.—Train No. 11 killed a man supposed to be George W. Core, a deaf and dumb person, half a mile below Bel-Air to-day. The man attempted to cross the track, not observing the train behind him, and was struck down.

Killed His Man.

Special to the JOURNAL.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 24.—A Chronicle special from Winslow, Arizona, says Asa Upton was shot and killed this morning, at Sunset Pass, by Deputy Sheriff John Francis, while making arrest on a charge of horse stealing.

\$500 Reward Won.

Special to the JOURNAL.

LEMORE, Cal., Dec. 24.—Domenico Bacigalupo, who is charged with poisoning his wife last September, and for whose capture a reward for \$500 is offered, was arrested to-night and turned over to the Sheriff of Amador county.

THE UNION PACIFIC.

President Adams Sets to Rest Many Construction Rumors.

BOSTON, Dec. 24.—President Adams, of Union Pacific, in an interview to-day, said: "The Short Line is now through its trial and experimental stages, and enters on a field of great promise. It will not move rapidly in the way of new construction. The Union Pacific does not propose, just at present, to try to cover the earth. The entire Union Pacific system will only build 100 miles of additional road next year, 145 miles on the Oregon Short Line system to Pioche, where the line will rest for the present, thirty-five miles to connect the Cheyenne and Northern with the Elkhorn division of the Chicago and Northwestern system, and twenty miles to make some connections in Kansas. All the stories now current as to the plans of extension and purchases of the Union Pacific on the Pacific Slope are absolutely without basis of any description."

President Adams also said: "The Oregon Short Line will lose half a million this year through the Oregon Northern, but will nevertheless earn a surplus over all interest charges. Senator Frye, of the Senate Committee, investigating the Pacific roads, recently asked me for statistics as to the benefit to the Union Pacific of its branch line system. We took the figures of the largest branch system, and was astonished to find that the net amount earned by the Union Pacific on the traffic interchanged with the Oregon Short Line and Utah Northern Line was \$2,500,000. In other words, the Union Pacific would not to-day be earning any surplus over its interest charges but for the business done with the Oregon Short Line system."

Chamber of Commerce Resolutions.

Special to the JOURNAL.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 24.—A special meeting of the Chamber of Commerce was held this afternoon. Resolutions were adopted lamenting the death of Captain John H. Freeman and Frederick R. Cotton in the hold of the British ship Durban last Friday. Deceased were members of the Chamber.

Memorials to Congress were presented, urging immediate appropriations for systematic improvement of the Sacramento river and consolidation of the United States revenue marine with the United States navy.

In another memorial the Interstate Commerce Commission was asked to consider what the Chamber of Commerce thinks is a violation of the long and short haul section in the railroad law. It is set forth that tea can be shipped from Japan or China by any transcontinental point by steamer and rail for 1½ cents per pound, while it costs 3 cents per pound to ship tea from San Francisco to Eastern points, and as a consequence, while this port should be the main distributing point of Japan and China products, the railroad charges make it otherwise.

The Chamber also decided to call the subject of Alaskan survey to the attention of Congress and to point out the fact that in many localities where the salmon business is carried on in Alaskan waters no survey has ever been made.

Another Drowning Affair.

Special to the JOURNAL.

PORTLAND, Ore., Dec. 24.—A Yaquina City, Oregon, dispatch to the Oregonian says: The steam schooner Farallone, commanded by Captain Bonfield, after being towed across the bar to-day by the tug Resolute was struck by a swell, carrying overboard Chief Engineer Pugley, a cabin boy and three sailors named Frank Johnson, Chas. Dickenson and William Brown. The sailors drowned before assistance could reach them. They were all young men and natives of Sweden.

Southern California Rain.

Special to the JOURNAL.

VENTURA, Dec. 24.—Over four inches of rain has fallen in the last two days. No train from Los Angeles to-day. The tracks are badly washed between here and that point. It is still raining to-night.

Advice to Mothers.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures dysentery and diarrhea, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething is pleasant to the taste, and in the prescription of one of the oldest and best female nurses and physicians in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25 cents a bottle.

Notice.

On and after July 19, 1889, George Becker, proprietor of the Reno Soda and Bottling works, will fill and deliver in Soda, cream and lemon, per doz. \$ 50. Sarsaparilla, per doz. 50. Ginger ale, per doz. 75. Sarsaparilla & Iron, per doz. 75. Peach & lime beer, per case. 3.50. Freiburg San Jose beer, per case. 3.50. feeb. 21-awt-ly.

When baby was sick,

We gave her Castoria.

When she was a Child,

She cried for Castoria.

When she became M—,

She clung to Castoria.

When she had Children,

She gave them Castoria.

WHAT ON EARTH

Is the rarest people will not see or do not see any difference in cheap nostrums put up by Cheap John houses or irresponsible parties at enormous profits rather than take a medicine of wide world reputation and one that is giving satisfaction for purifying the blood as BRIGHT'S BLOOD PURIFIER and BLOOD MAKER, and a very fine and that does not cost its weight, cost you nothing. CHEEVEN & SHOEMAKER, Druggists.

The "Weekly Journal."

On and after January 1, 1890, the price of the WEEKLY JOURNAL will only be \$2 per year, making it the best and cheapest weekly paper in the State.

A special from Washington to the New York Commercial Advertiser says ex-Speaker Randall's real malady is cancer, and he is seriously sick. The end, it is feared, is near.

NEW TO-DAY.

The Wine House Entertainment.

Epiro & Gregory, of the Wine House propose to out-do themselves to-day. They will set out roast pig and egg nog to the hungry and thirsty wayfarer and will make it very pleasant for all who call upon them. Go there and eat, drink and be merry and enjoy yourself.

STANLEY IS BACK! AND HAS ELECTRIFIED THE WORLD

By the announcement of his safe return to civilization, his adventures and discoveries have been grand, wonderful and marvellous. The world is astounded at his return. His shrilling adventures, marvelous discoveries, daring exploits, astounding privations, wonderful trip across the Dark Continent. How he found Emin Pasha, his return to Africa to the present time. Every body wants to know.

Genuine STANLEY BOOK!

From Stanley's own writings and dispatches. Over 400 of the grandest and most wonderful new Engravings and Colored Plates seen in a book of travels. It has been elegantly bound, and will be a valuable addition to any library. It is a book that every one should have.

CAUTION! Old unreliable accounts are being published. Do not be deceived by old books, reports and stories. The world is astounded at his return. His shrilling adventures, marvelous discoveries, daring exploits, astounding privations, wonderful trip across the Dark Continent. How he found Emin Pasha, his return to Africa to the present time. Every body wants to know.

Agents Wanted Everywhere.

Teachers, Young Men and Ladies, Ministers, Farmers, Mechanics and Clerks can easily make from \$5 to \$25 per day. No experience required. Do not be deceived by old books, reports and stories. The world is astounded at his return. His shrilling adventures, marvelous discoveries, daring exploits, astounding privations, wonderful trip across the Dark Continent. How he found Emin Pasha, his return to Africa to the present time. Every body wants to know.

THE HISTORY CO., 735 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

1890. — 1890. — 1890. — 1890.

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DAILY NEVADA STATE JOURNAL

PRICE OF DAILY JOURNAL,
12½ CENTS PER WEEK.

BREVITIES.

Luke sold all his cutters.
Now take your best girl out sleigh riding.
No JOURNAL will be issued to-morrow morning.
Charles Derby and wife came down from the Comstock last night.

A merry Christmas to you and yours, and may you all live long and prosper.

Mannie Michelson, of Virginia, is down on a visit to her sister, Mrs. Dr. Bergstein.

This is rough weather for sheep and cattle on the range, and particularly the sheep.

A snowball broke one of the show windows in Hodgkinson's drug store yesterday.

The employees of W. O. H. Martin presented him with an elegant cutter for a Christmas present.

Up to yesterday 260 inches of snow had fallen at the Summit, as against 37 inches at the same date last season.

Constable Upson announces that he will arrest all boys who engage in snowballing persons in teams, or peaceful pedestrians.

The five children of ex-Senator Gabriel Cohn are up from San Francisco, spending the holidays with Mr. and Mrs. A. White, at the Palace.

There was but little snow falling this morning when the JOURNAL went to press, and Christmas Day may be clear, cold and pleasant after all.

Sleighs will call for all who desire to attend the Red Men's dance to-night free of charge. Leave your name at S. J. Hodgkinson's drug store.

The Lakeview (Oregon) Examiner reports:

The WEEKLY NEVADA STATE JOURNAL has become a monstrous large paper, well filled with good reading matter.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining uncalled for in the Reno, Nevada, Postoffice, December 23, 1889.

Anderson, James A Souza, Manuel Benington, Robert Siwas, M. Crotty, John Stewart, Fred Central, Thomas Stone, Harry Daly, John W. Miller, Hugh Dillon, Michael Peterson, Miss Hilma Dercun, P. Picket, John Evans, Edna Peterson, P E Gins, Dan Randolph Grossman, Aaron Hale, Charles Randolph, Jewett Hutchison, Ma. Riehn, Matt Hoffmaster, George Rakin, Patrick Hillard, S. Rowells, Chas. Judd, H. F. Turbitt, James Johnson, John Tompkins, John A. Kerth, K G Tyccal, Wm Knobles, Joseph Weldon, Tom Kirchens, John Wagner, Willey J. C. HAGEMAN, Postmaster.

Christmas Chimes.

Do not make Christmas a day of balancing accounts of gifts.

Santa Claus comes down the chimney when love kindles the fire.

Christmas is the day when children get up without being called.

Better is a little gift where love is than a necklace of diamonds for appearance's sake.

The most approved invitation etiquette for a Christmas dinner is that prescribed in Luke xiv., 12-14.

Give your wife something for herself—not a piece of furniture or an article for family use. Ditto as to your husband.

How much brighter the fires on our own Christmastime will look when we know that we have been the means of brightening a fire that had grown dim on some other hearthstone.—Good Housekeeping.

School for Girls—Rolls of Honor and Merit.

Reno, Nevada, Dec., 1889.

To be found on the roll of honor a pupil must attain 95 per cent in each item of report. The following young ladies have attained this distinction, their averages reaching a higher per cent: Miss Mary Lucas 93.5, Miss Olive Johnson 92. To be on the roll of merit a pupil must attain 90 per cent in each item of report. The following ladies have attained the distinction, their averages reaching a higher per cent: Miss Lettie Lucas 97.11, Miss Ruth Russell 96.6, Miss Iva Rowland 96.2, Miss Gertrude Hillman 95.5. J. McQuire, Principal.

Roll of honor in music for month ending December 21, 1889: Olive Johnson, Iva Rowland, Manda Wells, Nellie Ashby, Mamie Rule, Vesta Rice, Freddie Ladd, Helen Durant. EVA QUATIER, Principal.

The Red Men's Ball To-night.

This is just the kind of weather for dancing, and the attendance at the first annual ball to be given in the Pavilion to-night by Minnebaah tribe, Imp. O. R. M., will undoubtedly be very large. The committee having the master in charge have made all arrangements possible for the comfort of those who attend, even to the securing of sleighs to carry all who will take the trouble to leave their names at the drug store of S. J. Hodgkinson, give the hour they wish to go and their place of rendezvous, free of charge. Everybody should not name the same hour. Attend the party to-night and make Christmas nights merry and, and the Red Men's dance a success.

A Double Sheet.

The Gazette presented a double sheet to its patrons for Christmas. It made a special feature of Reno's schools, and some of its business men, and with the aid of some of the JOURNAL'S public building cuts is a very creditable Christmas number. The Gazette is a hard worker for this section, and well deserves the patronage of the public.

Christmas Trees.

At the Methodist, Congregational and Episcopal Churches last evening were the customary Christmas trees, laden with presents for the Sunday School scholars, and given out with appropriate exercises. The blinding snowstorm prevented as large an attendance as usual.

RENO PUBLIC SCHOOL
Report for the Month Ending December 26, 1889, by Orville King, Principal.

Names of Teachers.	Names of Departments.	REPORT OF THE REPO PUBLIC SCHOOLS FOR THE MONTH OF DECEMBER, 1889.										
		No. of Pupils	No. of Girls	Total No.	Average daily attendance	Per cent.	Number of days attended	Per cent.	Number of days absent	Per cent.	Total No. days	Per cent.
Mrs Mary A Doten	High School.	100	50	150	94	62	94	62	6	4	364	90
Miss Martha M Turner	First Grammar.	100	50	150	94	62	94	62	6	4	364	90
Mrs H A Atwood	Second Grammar.	100	50	150	94	62	94	62	6	4	364	90
Miss Cora L Angel	First Intermediate.	100	50	150	94	62	94	62	6	4	364	90
Miss Flora Northrop	Second Intermediate.	100	50	150	94	62	94	62	6	4	364	90
Mrs L C Booth	Third Intermediate.	100	50	150	94	62	94	62	6	4	364	90
Miss Ade F Lackey	First Primary.	100	50	150	94	62	94	62	6	4	364	90
Miss Margaret E McIntosh	Second Primary.	100	50	150	94	62	94	62	6	4	364	90
Miss Fannie E Short	Third Primary.	100	50	150	94	62	94	62	6	4	364	90
Miss L L Gripen	South Side.	100	50	150	94	62	94	62	6	4	364	90
Totals.		384	192	576	94	62	94	62	6	4	364	90

May Wilson, Warner Graham, Polly Ham, Ernest Barney.
Second Primary, Lizzie Unruh, teacher.
Bebbie Jose, Joe Fountaine, Grace Clara Hammersmith, Inez Clark, Pearl Bird, Joe Fountaine, Louis Corsiglia, Harry Parker, Fred Nathan, Ida Ayer, Edith Boyd, Ernest Sedgwick, Ernest Williams, Frank Pebernati.

Southside School, Frank L Gripen teacher.—Charlton Aitken, Mand Upson, Willie Upson, Ida Hurley, Herbert Walis, Jack Knox, Henry Blum, Lottie Black, Wayne Beck, Renie Holland, Arthur Cross, Lily Black, Fred Lodge, Sophia Cross, Harry Bracken, B. Bracker, Willard Park, Vera Novacovich, Georgia Ward, May Robbins, Detroit Bettis, Lenoy Bettis.

There has been enrolled in the several departments of the Reno Public School, during the Fall term of 1889, as follows:

High School, Senior Class, O. Ring, Teacher 16

High School, Middle Class, M. S. Doten 29

High School, Junior Class, M. M. Turner 34

First Grammar Department, S. A. Harris 35

Second Grammar, H. M. Atwood and L. C. Booth 57

First Intermediate, Cora L. Angell 63

Second Intermediate, Flora Northrop 56

Mixed 2d and 3d, L. C. Booth and G. E. Watson 59

Third Intermediate, Ade F. Lackey 56

First Primary, M. E. McIntosh 49

Mixed Primary, F. E. Short 45

Second Primary, Lizzie Unruh 50

Southside School, F. L. Gripen 35

Total enrollment 384

WINTERS' STABLE

What He Will Show East in 1890.

The San Francisco Chronicle, in its review of the turf, says Winters' two-year-olds, which will be added to his string now in the East are Reydel Boy, a full brother to El Rio Rey, Judge Post, by Joe Hooker; Countess Zelka; Black Bart, by Three Cheers-Bonita, Uno Grande, by Joe Hooker; Jess R; San Jean, by Norfolk-Ballantine; Blizzard, by Blazes-Trade Wind; Belle Songer, by Joe Hooker; Alice N.; Average, by Joe Hooker-Aval; Alista, by Joe Hooper-Mattie Gleam. They will leave here in March, and will join the easterners at Memphis, where Winters will begin the season. From Memphis the stable will go to Nashville, Louisville, St. Louis and Chicago, and then farther east again. El Rio Rey is a well horse again, and is looking animal as he approaches his three-year-old form. It is said that he will be quite as great as a three-year-old as he was during the past season. Rey del Rey, his brother, now in training at R-n-o, is said to be quite as good as El Rio Rey was at the same age, and another sensational performer is looked for in him. Not long since he ran a quarter with his stable companion, San Juan, with 128 pounds up, and beat him out by a head, in 23½ seconds. San Juan had up 115 pounds. McCormick will train the stable, as he did last year, and Casey Winchell, a California lad, will again do the heavy riding. A young brother of Winchell's will be taken East to do the light riding. Casey Winchell's work on El Rio Rey was severely criticised during the Westchester meeting by the Eastern press, but Winters likes him and trusts him, and his position is permanent so long as he able to ride.

THE STORM OF THE SEASON.

Snow Everywhere, and the Usual Results of a Big Storm.

The fiercest snow storm so far of the winter has been raging on the Sierra Nevada mountains, in the valleys around Reno and out in the eastern part of Nevada, for the past 48 hours, and as a result railroad trade and travel is demoralized. The company tried to secure 150 men at Reno last night to go up on the mountains and shovel snow. They got nearly one hundred, and took them up on the passenger train last night. It is said that a snow plow is off the track at Cascade with two engines on top of it, and that at Tamarack a lone slide has taken place, so that all speculation is wild concerning the movements of trains until the storm is over. Last evening a few stars were visible in the heavens, but the snow kept falling thick and fast just the same, and the oldest inhabitant did not know what to think about the weather. The general opinion is that the storm is of immense benefit, and everybody accepts the temporary evils without murmuring.

Will Transact a General Banking Business.

Mining and other Stocks Bought and Sold on Commission.

Agents for Several First-Class Insurance Companies.

VERDI MILL CO.

VERDI, WASHOE CO., NEVADA.

CAPITAL STOCK - - \$40,000

O. LONKEY, President. J. F. CONDON, Manager and Secretary.

TRUSTEES: O. LONKEY, J. F. CONDON, C. C. POWNING.

Water Power, Run Night and Day; Electric Light; Latest and Improved Machinery.

MANUFACTURE

DRESSED LUMBER OF ALL KINDS

VIZ FLOORING, CEILING, RUSTIC, BEVEL SIDING AND SURFACED LUMBER

FRUIT AND PACKING BOXES.

PICKETS, LATH AND SHINGLES, SAWDUST FOR MARKET, KINDLING WOOD, ETC., ETC.

Mouldings, Sash, Doors, Blinds, Door and Window Screens, Trimmings, Scroll Work, and all the late styles of East Lake Doors and Interior Finish for Dwellings and Stores.

CLEAR AND COMMON LUMBER FOR SALE

ESTIMATES GIVEN ON APPLICATION.

ADDRESS ALL ORDERS: VERDI MILL CO., VERDI, WASHOE CO., NEVADA.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

RENO, NEVADA.

Cash Capital, \$200,000. Surplus, \$75,000.

A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.

Prompt attention given to all business entrusted to our care. Foreign and Domestic Exchange bought and sold.

PRINCIPAL CORRESPONDENTS:

BANK OF CALIFORNIA, San Francisco; NAT. BANKED. O. MILLIS & CO., Sacramento; CONTINENTAL NAT. BANK, Chicago, Ill.

BROWN, SHIPLEY & CO., London; BANCA GENERALE, Genoa, Italy.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

W. G. H. MARTIN, A. H. MANNING, GEO. W. MAPES, D. A. BENDER, C. T. BENDER.

THE BANK OF NEVADA,

RENO, NEVADA.

Capital Stock, fully subscribed, \$300,000.

WILL BUY AND SELL EXCHANGE ON SAN FRANCISCO, NEW YORK

London and the principal Eastern and European Cities.

OFFICERS: M. D. FOLEY President | R. S. OSBURN Vice President | C. E. WARD Vice President

DIRECTORS: Daniel Meyer, of San Francisco; M. D. Foley, of Eureka; Geo. Russell, of Elko; M. E. Ward, J. N. Evans, C. C. Powning and L. Abrahams, of Reno.

STOCKHOLDERS: Daniel Meyer, M

What is

CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Sam'l Pitcher's old, harmless and quick cure for Infants' and Children's Complaints. Superior to Castor Oil. Paregoric or Narcotic Syrupa. Children cry for Castoria. Millions of Brothers bless Castoria.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation; Sour Stomach, Diarrhea, Eructation; gives healthy sleep, also aids digestion; Without narcotic stupefaction.

The CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 Murray St., New York.

"I recommend Castoria for children's complaints, as superior to Castor Oil known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M.D., 211 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

HOLIDAY ANNOUNCEMENT.

I. FREDRICK, THE LEADING JEWELER OF RENO

Announces to the Public that he has the

MOST COMPLETE STOCK

OR DIAMONDS, WATCHES, JEWELRY, CLOCKS, SILVER AND SILVER-PLATED WARE

Ever brought to Reno. Everything purchased is engraved FREE OF CHARGE, and all goods guaranteed to be as represented.

Before purchasing your HOLIDAY GIFTS call and inspect my large and elegant stock and get my prices.

JEWELRY MANUFACTURED.

Watch-Repairing in All Its Branches.

I. FREDRICK,
Virginia Street - - - Reno, Nevada.

FOLSOM & WELLS.

In Masonic Building, corner Sierra St. and Commercial Row,
Keeps Everything in the Line of

HARDWARE, GROCERIES, AND GENERAL PROVISIONS.

They Sell at Bedrock Prices and Guarantee Satisfaction.

Their Stock is Second to None in Either Quality or Assortment.

GIVE THEM A CALL AND BE CONVINCED.

F. LEVY & BRO.

RENO'S ATTRACTION.

F. LEVY & BRO.'S

Dry Goods, Cloak and Carpet Store.

LARGEST STOCK, FINEST GOODS, LOWEST PRICES.

ONE PRICE TO ALL.

NEVADA CASH STORE.

Nevada Cash Dry Goods and Carpet Store

FORETHOUGHT — It is always well to bear in mind that "A dollar saved is a dollar made." For this purpose we are offering at extraordinary low prices the following articles:

Children's All-wool Cloaks, - - \$2.50.
Misses' All-wool Cloaks - - - \$3.50.
Ladies' All-wool Cloaks, - - - \$5.00.

SEALETTE JACKETS and COATS are offered at Eastern prices. BLANKETS, SHAWLS and FLANNELS, special inducements. OUR DRESS GOODS of the latest styles positively compete with San Francisco. OUR FANCY GOODS stock is fully assort'd. OUR WOOLEN HOSE Department is newly restocked and we are able to suit all demands.

CARPETS, LINOLEUM and OILCLOTHS have been replenished with new and handsome patterns of all grades of goods.

An inspection of our establishment, to convince purchasers of the above statements, is respectfully solicited.

S. EMRICH, of the

Nevada Cash Dry Goods and Carpet Store

H. J. THYES.

H. J. THYES.

—WHOLESALE DEALER IN—

WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS,

First National Bank Building, Reno, Nevada.

Sole Agent for the State of Nevada for Schmidt & Co.'s Sarsaparilla and Iron Water, from Stockton, Cal.

And Idaho Mineral Water and Ginger Ale from Idaho Soda Springs.

I also handle Sierra Beer from Boz, Cal., exclusively. Trade and Families supplied.

Good delivered free of charge in town.

FIRST-CLASS SIDEBOARD.

W. O. H. MARTIN.

W. O. H. MARTIN,

—DEALER IN—

Shelf Hardware, Bar Iron, Barbed Wire, TACKLES,

Steel, Cumberland Coal, Lime, Plaster, Cement,

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS

Buckeye And all Other Kinds of Machine Extras a

Specialty.

GROCERIES, LIQUORS, TINWARE AND CROCKERY.

Agent for Empire Mower.

Commercial Row, Reno, Nevada.

Now we have also attached a large Hay Tar with good Stables. Also Corrals for 1000 stock well watered. HURRY TO LEARN.

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